AM I diſpis'd becauſe you ſay,
And I beleeve that I am gray?
Know Lady you have but your day,
And night will come when men will ſweare,
Time hath ſpilt Snow on your haire?
Then when in your glaſſe you ſeeke,
But finde no Roſe buds in your cheeke,
No nor the bed to give thee ſhew,
Where ſuch a rare Cornation grew,
And ſuch a ſmiling Tulippe too;
O then too late in cloſe your Chamber keeping,
It will be told,
That you are old.
By thoſe true teares y'are weeping.

Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Graſſe.

SVre 'twas the Spring went by, for th'earth did waſte,
Her long hid ſweets at her approach, and plac'd,
Quicke pregnant flowers upon the verdant graſſe,
To breath new freſhneſſe where ſhe will'd to paſſe.
The tender blade vail'd as ſhe trod and kiſt,

The

The foote that covered it, but when it miſt,
Her gentle preſſure (like a wife whoſe bed
Is ſcorn'd) it droopt, and ſince hung downe i
Till by a ſtrength Love gave to entertaine,
Her wiſh'd returne it rear'd it ſelfe againe:
And now ſtands tall in pride; but had it ſeen
Her face (that court of beauty where the Que
Of Love is alwayes reſident) it would
When the Sunne dallies with it, weepe in col
And pearled dew at noone, greev'd that her
Might not as did her feete daigne equall gra
In moving neerer to it; what my happy eye
Saw there (though from that houre their facu
Are ever forfeit) this bright Viſion yet,
Muſt needs ingage me in a further debt
To her, then there want quits, ſince what I
In being leſſe faire, muſt be a leſſe to me.

On his Love going to Sea.

FArewell (faire Saint) may not the Seas o
Swell like the hearts and eyes you leave b
But calme and gentle like the lookes you be
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your ea
Let no bold billow offer to ariſe,
That it may neerer looke upon your eyes,

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